

THE WIND'S MISCHIEVOUS DAY

I woke up feeling very mischievous; obviously I had got out of the wrong side of my bed. I got up and took out my diary: Wednesday the 22nd January: Going to be very annoying today. I shut my book and ran outside. The first thing I felt like doing was blowing some washing off the lines, so I went to a town and found an old lady pinning up her washing. I had a strange feeling that to old ladies I ought to be kind, but as I was feeling very cheeky, I gave a huff and a puff and blew all the washing off, straight into the farmer's field full of mud.

Two minutes later I went to St. Mary's Hall. Seeing two little girls playing outside I blew their skipping rope away, as well as some elastic and some bottles. Oooh, I did feel cheeky. In their next lesson I saw a teacher giving out test papers; with one huff and a puff they went zooming out of the window, leaving the teacher chasing after them.

A few minutes later I saw a band playing a tune and dancers dancing. Obviously a procession was coming, so I blew up a few stones and leaves and headed them towards the band. In a little while, all they were playing was, puff, ech and ummmm until none of the instruments could be heard any more except for the drum. Everyone was in fits of laughter, except for the band.

On the beach, people were sun-bathing, swimming and eating ice creams. One man was eating a pie and I, feeling very frisky, blew up some sand into the pie and the man was really angry.

Next I went to the university where a young man was making a speech. I gave a huff and a puff and blew some wind into his mouth which made him lose his voice, so a short, stubby, red-headed boy had to carry on.

In another place they were having an outdoor wedding, the vicar with his hat on; I gave a huff and a puff and blew off his hat. This is what happened, "You may now kiss the bride . . . er excuse me, I have to fetch my hat". As soon as he was close enough to his hat I blew it away again, the bride and groom still waiting to kiss each other. Eventually they gave each other a kiss and the vicar returned with a woman's hat, thinking it was his, while a lady in the congregation had the vicar's hat on!

The next stop was in Dorchester where it was raining; an old man was walking with his umbrella in one hand and his shopping in the other. I gave a huff and a puff and all his shopping fell into the mud and became dirty.

Then I went to a wood and saw a dog with his ball. I was just about to give a huff and a puff when I gave a loud screech; now I had lost my puff. I headed towards home and went to my bedroom. I got out my diary and wrote: Wednesday the 22nd of January: A lot of mess to be cleared up tomorrow.

Natasha Watts, The Junior School

MOUNTAIN WATERS

The stream, bubbling down the mountainside
The brook, leaping through the landscape
The waterfall, flying from the precipice
Lakes form, not needing telling twice

Trout tarns, up above the beck
Natural dams hold them, high as your neck
Small seas, minute oceans the size of your hand
Held in the natural rocks of the land

Emmeline Smith, IY

CREATURES

IN CAPTIVITY

I do not think that I am cared for any more. Those big giants confined me to this dingy, small, dirty, wooden box and I never have fresh food or a clean bed. I never receive any sympathy or affection and love; but I wish to be free. If only that could happen; to think of lying in the fields on a warm, breezy day, munching the fresh dandelions and sitting amongst the tall, green blades of grass with my companions. I have never seen them since I was captured and imprisoned here. Since then I have never touched the green grass, still damp from the morning's dew, or seen the blackbird hunting for its worms.

Here I wait, anxiously, every day, for someone, something, to rescue me from this unbearable fate. I sit idly in the lonely box, lazily unoccupied; doing nothing but sleeping and eating all day long.

Night after night I hear the shuddering howls of the ferocious beasts which prowl in the neighbourhood; and the owls' hoots, which send shivers down my spine and make my heart pound as if hail is falling from the sky.

Although I am given food, I am really neglected and it is as if I were made to be laughed at. But I do not think that these huge creatures have hearts or feelings; they are cruel and heartless and do not know what it is like to be imprisoned and confined to a small, dingy box.

Perhaps in the years to come I may have my freedom once more, and play in the grass as I used to before my days are through.

Natalie Bloom, IP

HUNTED

As the cool water refreshed my mouth I realised that I was not alone, for the gentle lapping of another creature came to my ears. I turned around slowly because I did not wish to disturb whatever was enjoying its drink. A small fox cub came to my eyes; he seemed to be extremely thirsty and very thin. The white patch on his chest was grubby and his claws blunt. His tail was covered with dried mud and he had a look of sorrow on his face.

"Hello", I said,

"Hello", he replied, quite happily, "I'd better be on". He smiled up at me and I smiled back.

"Of course", I said. I watched the young cub until he could no longer be seen.

"Oh well", I sighed and carried on with my drinking.

A few minutes later I heard a bellowing noise coming from the woods. I stood perfectly still, working out this strange noise, the hunter's horn! I had heard devastating stories of the hunters and their hounds. I knew that I had a good headstart, but there were many against one; I could just be another tragic story. I then followed my instinct, which was to run.

The hounds, which were obviously following my scent, knew that I had the race of my life ahead of me and they also knew that I was not going to give up easily.

I then saw the hunt emerging from the woods. There were the hounds with lolling tongues and drooping ears, who stopped every so often to sniff the ground. There were the riders wearing skin-tight jodphurs, smart black hats and black shiny boots. They had looks of determination on their faces. And of course there were the horses galloping with great fury, their ears flat back and their tails streaming out behind. The horses were all dark in colour, yet all clearly visible.

I was now beginning to realise my mistake in stopping, for the hounds were no fools; they were gradually driving me out of the safety of the trees, which weren't many. I would have to double back on them if I were to stay a free fox. Gathering up my courage I turned fairly sharply in the direction of the woods and ran flat out. The hounds then realised my objective and suddenly swerved in order to cut me off. They would have succeeded in doing this if it had not been for a ditch, which caused them to slow down enough for me to escape. Then the fast hounds speeded up to make up for the loss of time. I was a fair amount ahead of the hounds and had a good chance, when a large river cut off my route.

I had never ventured this far into the woods and had certainly never come across this river before. I would have to jump into this swirling mass of water and risk drowning rather than being torn apart by those savage teeth and claws. I jumped!

The water pulled at me and tossed my head in all directions; I felt as if my legs were being tugged off. This went on for a long time and when the water calmed down and I came to my senses I heard the baying of the hounds as they ran alongside me and the thudding of the horses' hooves.

When the water had calmed down enough, I weakly forced myself to the opposite side of the bank from the hounds and dragged myself out.

The hounds barked and whined as I shook myself and set off at a canter. My head was spinning and I felt like collapsing, but I knew I couldn't give up yet.

Soon I heard the hounds again; obviously they had managed to cross the river. Their barks and bays could be heard all round and were a warning sign. I searched frantically for a place to hide. I walked on, exploring every bush, until I found a deserted foxes' earth in which I lay patiently.

I then heard the hounds' paws repeatedly touching the ground. They passed, too close for my liking, but they'd passed. I let out a sigh of relief and then drew it in again as I heard the squeal of a fox cub most likely being torn to shreds by those savages fighting for its life, but knowing it had lost, striking out, but knowing it would come to no good. What kind of a world was this for a small cub?

Then I heard the hounds' steps of triumph. In the mouth of the leader of the pack hung a small, shredded figure dangling limply from those teeth. I repeat, what kind of a world is it?

Lucy Major, The Junior School

CHOOSING MY KITTEN

The car drew up in front of the door. Leaping out, I waited for my aunt and mother, before knocking on the front door. There came the sound of footsteps and a kindly-looking woman opened the door.

"Hello, do come in. I've been expecting you", she said.

"Hello", I replied.

"I'll just go and get the boxes of kittens. I won't be a minute," and with that she disappeared.

A few minutes later she came back with two boxes of kittens.

"Look at them all and then decide", suggested my mother.

"All right", I agreed. The woman placed the boxes in front of me and went to get some more. With great excitement I looked in the first box. The kittens were black and white with mischievous faces. At that moment the woman came back with two more boxes of kittens and one empty one.

"Put the ones that you like best in this box and then pick from them", she told me.

I picked out a lovely blue-eyed, black and white one, and pulled forward the next box. It contained two ginger and white kittens and four tabbies. I picked out one tabby and one ginger and white one. The next box contained eight lovely tortoiseshell kittens. I picked out the cutest one, a lovely blue-eyed one. The last box contained four white kittens and I picked one cheeky kitten with green eyes.

Then I looked in my final choice box and guessed it was going to be a difficult decision. I decided against the white and the tabby because they were long-haired. The ginger and white tom kept on scratching so I put him back, in case of fleas.

Now I had the choice of the tortoiseshell ones; it was a hard choice. In the end I put the cute one back because he was a little on the weak side, so that left me with the blue-eyed tortoiseshell kitten. We paid for him and left. On the way home I dreamt of what I would do with my kitten.

Julia Baverstock, The Junior School

THE SNAKE

There was a little snake,
Who hissed at a fly,
He hissed at a butterfly,
He hissed at a bug,
And he hissed at ME!

He caught in his mouth,
The butterfly and fly,
He just caught the bug,
But he didn't catch ME!

Caroline Evison, The Junior School

THE COMPETITION

The sun filtered through the roof of the car; I was boiling hot. Our little car was cramped with my two cousins and my father and mother, and it groaned under the weight of our heavy bodies. We were on holiday in Spain, visiting the town called Javea, where my grand-parents lived. Today was the day we were going to Ondara to watch a grand competition; it was the competition between man and bull.

When we arrived at the bull-ring there was a profusion of happy people; the roads were full of impatient drivers. We edged our way towards the ticket box, avoiding the throngs of shouting Spaniards. In his limited Spanish my father bought five tickets and thrust them deep into his pockets amongst the jangling pesetas. With my father leading the way, we followed the signs to the "entrada".

When we eventually found our seats, the atmosphere was growing steadily. It was bustling, exciting, quite tense. There was a brass band made up of fairly young school children playing a jolly marching tune; many Spaniards clapped and sang along with the band. Suddenly the band stopped, there was a loud drum roll and two, large wooden doors swung open.

A number of serene-looking bull-fighters strode elegantly into the centre of the ring. They were dressed in gaudy colours, with trimmings of fake, sparkling gold and silver. Behind them came three white horses; they too were dressed magnificently, with many ribbons plaited finely into their tails and manes. Intermittently the horses pranced around and stood on their hind legs, but the riders soon got them under control once again.

When the procession had finished, the ring was sprayed with water and then raked. Meanwhile the audience started to become restless; they shouted and then broke into a bellowing, tuneless song.

Not long after their song had ended, the doors swung open once again and a large black bull charged from them. Tentatively, one of

the bull-fighters appeared from behind a wooden screen slightly brought forward from the rest of the outside of the ring. He shook his cape, and the bull came charging towards him, grinding to a halt when the bull-fighter disappeared behind the screen.

Behind the bull a second fighter appeared and walked bravely to the centre of the ring; he had a definite, stoical expression on his face. He called to the bull and shook his cape; once more the bull charged towards the fighter. This time he gracefully stepped to one side and let the cape drift over the bull's face. The fighter repeated this a lot of times and then retreated from the ring.

A third fighter then appeared in the ring, holding two decorated sticks, with long points. He approached the bull at a fast speed, dodged to the side of the bull and fiercely jabbed the two sticks into the bull's neck; the bull winced in pain as blood bubbled out from the two sticks, which were still stuck in his neck. Other fighters did the same as the first until the bull had four or five coloured sticks stuck in him.

By the time the last bull-fighter entered the ring with his red cape and shiny sword the bull was in a state of delirium. The fighter played with the bull and teased it even more, making it even more confused. Then he stood facing the bull eye to eye, the bull scraping the sand away with its hoof.

The fighter reached forward and thrust the long sword deep into the bull's neck. The bull staggered around like a drunken tramp and then fell onto his knees. He attempted to rise again; he failed and fell to the floor, blood pouring from his wounds and mouth. He had been defeated; once again man had won. The competition was over.

Cassandra Hosh, VD

THE KINGFISHER

The kingfisher is ready to dine,
He is eager and keen,
Splash, in he goes,
And out again,
He's got a fish in his bill,
It is a big bullhead,
He bangs it on a twig,
And swallows it whole.

Sara Lunson, The Junior School

DEER

Deer are beautiful, tender creatures. I was walking through an oak wood one sunny morning, when I spotted a baby fawn, eating some clover. I hid behind a bush. Then the fawn started to prance and skip. It moved swiftly, prancing and skipping. It began to run gracefully. I looked closely, my eyes getting bigger and bigger at the sight. Suddenly a fox came. The fawn hid in the long grass and stayed as still as possible. Then the fawn made a sort of whining sound. A beautiful doe came and chased the fox away. A handsome buck came from the bushes with lovely tall antlers. I watched carefully until they went into the wood. Then I crept carefully away to go home.

Penny Powell, The Junior School

ON THE RAZZLE

It is evening
And the rats come out
The sky is lit by a new moon
You hear the howling of wolves
And the cat sneaks about

The owl is calling
The time is midnight
Rats are scampering, scratching
The cat pounces
All is still
The sly cat has made his kill

The cat ravishing the meat
Licks his chops
For that was tonight's feed
The moon is fading
The stars too

The sun is up
'Tis the break of day
Into the cat flap he goes
Lying there on his silken cushion
He acts the innocent fluffy puss

Sarah Cox, IP

COLOURS

Some poems by the Second Form

RED

A fiery heart
burning passion
a glowing metal
in the depth of the heat
Here I am
Bold or sulky
fading and shading
flowing blood

Josie Williams, I1Z

RED

Stop; Danger!
The Devil
Love and hearts
Wickedness and hatred
Lies and deceitfulness
Hot and violent
The deep burning sun
Blushes
Blood when you cut yourself

Tracey Briffa, I1Z

AMBER

A fiery glow in a darkened room
One planet shining from the sky
Leaves that rustle on the path
Or tumble from a moulting tree
The hair upon an aging head
Or a line of thought upon your brow
A thinning mist above the sea
Revealing peace and harmony
A sign of peace, but not of war
Of sweeter smells than in this earth
Of wetted sand from the outgoing tide
A seaweedy smell on the beach
The sun setting on distant hills

Helen Crittall, I1Z

BLUE

Cool, free, floating through the sky
Blowing through an open window
Glistening, sparkling through the water
The sea, the gulls, the beat of the waves
Running, jumping, sporting in the evenings in summer

Sarah Hanson, I1Z

BLUE

Turbulent waves
Cold and hard
A seductive balm

Josie Williams, I1Z

WHITE

The dove of Peace flying in time of war
Sparkling snow in sunlight
A new wedding dress waiting to be worn
A hot sunlit room in summer
A cool mist over the mountains

Henrietta Duveen, I1O

WHITE

Surrendering from the black war
The eyes of the ghosts watching in silence
The love of peace overpowers evil
A plain girl stands in a doorway looking down at
The snow-covered road

Kate Roberts, I1O

WHITE

The flowing peace in the country where doves fly abundantly
The icy stare of the snow covering the hills like a sheet
The vengeful look on the ghost's pale, distorted face
The purity of the girl, untouched and everlasting, like her faith in God
Waterfalls, crashing down upon the continually eroding rocks
With a force like thunder

Alix Gregory, I1O

GREY

Rain clouds building up, drop by drop, getting darker and darker
Someone lost, wandering aimlessly
A wizened old man, sitting alone in a room full of books, covered
in years of dust
Sadness locked inside a shell, not able to escape

Christianne Ellison, I1O

GREY

A faint thought at the back of a mind
Long ago dreams now forgotten
A mist rising above the hills
Foggy roads on a damp day
The sky at dusk

Nicola Gunn, I1Z

BLACK

Is the colour of evil and hatred
A colour of mourning and great grief
The colour of a raven who has been created from the whiteness
of God
And the colour of the fear of misleading and frightening darkness
The feeling of being lost and being unwanted

Clare Drew, I1O

BLACK

Misty ghouls screaming of sadness
Unknown horrors clawing in the night
Dark graveyards brimming with fear
Sadness and misery catch at the heart

Dead fingers clawing at darkness
Horrors of night that never will end
Lost voices calling through the dark mist
Unhappiness and misery ebbing in the murk

Emma Manville, I1Z

BLACK

They tell me not to worry when I am alone at night,
But I can feel it slowly seeping through me.
It touches the bottom of my uneasy conscience,
pressing me to confess.
I tell it, "No, I did no wrong".
But craftily it sways me, delving deeper, digging out any
hidden secrets.

Alone. Nothing to calm the angry victim.
"Stay alone for a short while, you'll get over it."
Soon I did, jumped over it, missed a beat,
attempted to forget.
The sin crept back though, a thousand times graver.
Never will I return. "The ghosts and devil will get you",
I told my friends.
But even then I lied. It is your own conscience
That will fool you.

Rachel Hirschfeld, I1Z

BLACK

Closing in
Claustrophobic
A shimmering beauty
Sexy coldness
Beauty in death
Still and silent
Mysterious desires
A flash of wickedness
Blindness

Josie Williams, I1Z

AUTUMN AND WINTER

AUTUMN

Autumn is coming,
You can tell it, in the air,
The leaves change colour,
And the trees look bare,
And everywhere you walk,
Autumn is in the air.

The rains fall more often,
The snow appears as well,
Grass is crisp with frost,
And everywhere you go,
The wind is icy cold.
Autumn is in the air

Julia Baverstock, The Junior School

THE BONFIRE

The crowd gathers near,
Aglow with delight.
Suspense fills the air —
The fire is alight.

A whoosh! A screech!
The fireworks begin.
A shower of fairy dust,
And magic within.

Rockets soar heavenwards,
Catherine Wheels whirl.
Bright sparklers wave,
And raindrops unfurl.

The guy perches motionless,
With his transfixing stare.
The flames lick around him,
As smoke fills the air.

The tired crowd disperses,
The fire, now an ember,
Only memories remain —
Of the fifth of November

Joanna Ball, IIE

THE BONFIRE NIGHT SURPRISE

It was a Friday night, the night before my auntie's bonfire.

"Time to go to bed", my mum said.

"What? It's only ten o'clock", my voice trailed off. Ten o'clock was quite late, especially as I was going to have a busy day the next day, and I was rather grumpy and tired. So off I went to bed. I slept quite soundly except for one strange dream, which kept on flashing across my mind.

The next day was very sunny. I got up at 7.30 a.m. (which is extremely early compared with other Saturdays) and had breakfast. It seemed a very short morning and before I knew it I was having lunch.

After lunch I went out in the garden and scraped up the leaves. No sooner had I started than that strange dream flashed across my mind. I did millions of other things during the afternoon, but soon I had to get changed for going to the bonfire.

It took about ten minutes to get there and we were the first to arrive. My mother and sister helped with last minute preparations while my dad, brother, uncle and I went outside to get the fireworks and sparklers ready.

When everybody was there we went outside to light the bonfire. Just then, after the flames had reached the Guy, a sudden "Weeeeearghhoweeche" came from . . . the Guy? I must have been imagining things, but, no, it was true. Then the Guy jumped down from the fire and screeched, "That fire is boiling, scorching hot and to think you put me on that fire, with my best trousers on too. That, my dear, is outrageous!" He stood there glaring at us. We were in complete silence, for we too were amazed.

My uncle was the one who broke the silence and said, "Why don't you sit down and tell us all about it?"

"That's it!" I shouted, for I remembered that the strange dream was coming true. Even so, I was interested to hear the Guy's story. Everybody asked me why I shouted and I told them the story. When I had finished the Guy told his.

"I was made exactly two years ago today, but I wasn't used until this year. I had learnt all about why people celebrated on November 5th." He went on until 12.00 midnight. We didn't burn the Guy at all; we kept him forever. Not even one hair has gone white on him, not even after forty years. He has still got his blue eyes, red shirt, brown hair and his best trousers. These are still perfect, except for a patch which my mum put in where they got slightly burnt.

Alexandra Comber, The Junior School

AUTUMN

In Autumn, leaves fall to the ground,
Leaves change colour to red and brown.
When I wander through the woods,
I kick the leaves, as people should.
Sticky mud clings to my boots,
As I find nuts among the roots.

The cold brings frosts, the mists come down
Bright red berries are seen around
The birds fly south to warmer things
Or tuck their heads beneath their wings
Autumn days are best, I think
Before the beautiful colours sink.

Ruth Rayner, The Junior School

THE SNOWMAN WHO CAME TO LIFE

I woke up one morning to find, when I opened my curtains, that the world was covered in crisp, white snow. I jumped out of bed, slipped on my dressing gown and slippers and dashed into my cousin's room. She was called Gabby.

I shook her madly and she rolled over in her sleep. "Wake up!" I yelled in her ear. She woke up with a start. Grumbling, she got up and asked what the matter was.

"SNOW, SNOW, SNOW!" she repeated after me, her voice getting gradually louder. She could have kept her voice down.

"We got washed and dressed and had breakfast. Then, putting on warm clothes, we rushed outside to make a snowman.

First of all we rolled a ball round the garden to make the body and then a smaller one for his head. We decided to make arms and legs for him as well. Then we made a nose of snow and put stones in for eyes and his mouth. We didn't have a pipe, so we stuck a stick in his mouth instead. There, he did look nice. "Goodness," I thought. 'It's time for lunch, and we've been out for ages."

Both of us dashed in at fifty miles per hour. After lunch we decided not to go out again because it was cold.

That night, at about midnight, the moon sent a stream of light onto our snowman. His head twitched and he was suddenly alive. He floated up towards my bedroom window and I heard a soft tap. I didn't feel scared, but some magic charm pulled me to the window. I opened it very slowly.

Outside was a snow-white figure. It spoke and its voice had a silvery note to it. It said, "Go and get your cousin and come." Gabby and I stood outside with the snowman, in our night-things. He didn't say a word and neither did we. We floated up into the air smoothly. I looked at the snowman as he flew. He was smiling even without the stones in his mouth and altogether he had a very friendly face.

We landed about half an hour later in a land which was very secret and magic. There were other snowmen there and in a building that we went into, there was a big sign saying:

*ON MOONLIT NIGHTS,
WHEN SNOWMEN ARE AROUND,
SILVERY LIGHTS TOUCH THEM,
AND MAGIC IS ON THE GROUND.*

I wondered what it meant and then I realised, and so did Gabby. Every snowman that is made and is touched by moonlight, takes the people who make him to show them the secrets of the world. Neither Gabby nor I knew what the last line meant, but we waited to see whether we would find out later on.

Suddenly Gabby nudged me and pointed to the west. The sun was coming up, and our snowman had noticed it. He took us back to our house and I looked at my watch. In the lost land we were in, it had been seven o'clock in the morning, but in this land it was eleven o'clock at night.

I shook my head. It was morning. Gabby came in and together we said, "Did we dream it?" I knew a couple of seconds later that we had not dreamed it, because around Gabby's wrist was a bracelet with a snowflake on it, and around my neck was a real gold chain, also with a snowflake on it. As soon as I saw the two priceless articles I definitely knew that magic had been around that night.

Samantha Clough, The Junior School